

Γ Ν Ω Θ Ι Σ Ε Α Υ Τ Ο Ν .  
NOSCE TEIPSUM:  
OR, THE  
Delphick Oracle Expounded,  
AS A  
LOOKING-GLASS  
FOR THE  
S O U L .

Teaching the Knowledge of our selves , as the first  
step to true Wisdom, and the only means to at-  
tain a right Apprehension of the *Soul* of Man,  
and the Immortality thereof, and its Operation  
in the Body, in order to an Eternal State.

*Herbert's Sacred Poem.*

*Thou whose sweet Youth, and early Hopes enhance  
Thy Rate and Price, and mark thee for a Treasure,  
Hearken unto a Verser, who may chance  
Rhyme thee to Good, and make a Bait of Pleasure.  
A Verse may find him, who a Sermon flies,  
And turn Delight into a Sacrifice.*

Licensed, April 10th.  
1688.

ROB. MIDGLET.

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THE NEW YORK  
ASSOCIATION  
OF THE  
LAWYERS  
OF THE  
CITY OF  
NEW YORK  
LOOKING-GLASS  
TO THE  
FUTURE

The Association of the  
Lawyers of the City of  
New York, looking back  
on the past, and forward  
to the future, has  
the honor to announce  
that it has decided to  
publish a book, entitled  
"The Looking-Glass to the  
Future," which will  
contain a full and  
complete history of the  
Association, and a  
full and complete  
history of the City of  
New York, from the  
time of its first  
settlement to the  
present day.

By John D. Jones

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TO MY  
MOST GRACIOUS  
DREAD  
SOVERAIGN.

**T**O that clear Majesty, which in the North,  
Doth like another Sun in Glory rise,  
Which standeth fix'd, yet spreads her Heavenly Worth;  
Load-stone to Hearts, and Load-star to all Eyes.

Like Heaven in all, like th' Earth in this alone,  
That though great States by her support do stand;  
Yet she her self supported is of none,  
But by the Finger of the Almighty's Hand.

To the divinest and the richest Mind,  
Both by Art's Purchase, and by Nature's Dowre,  
That ever was from Heaven to Earth confin'd,  
To shew the utmost of a Creature's Power:

To that great Spirit, which doth great Kingdom's move;  
The sacred Spring, whence Right and Honour streams,  
Distilling Vertue, shedding Peace and Love,  
In every Place, as Cynthia sheds her Beams:

I offer up some Sparkles of that Fire,  
Whereby we reason, live, and move, and be,  
These Sparks by Nature evermore aspire,  
Which makes them to so high an Highness flee.

Fair

The Epistle.

*Fair Soul, since to the fairest Body knit,  
You give such lively Life, such quickning Power,  
Such sweet Celestial Influence to it,  
As keeps it still in Youth's immortal Flower :*

*(As Where the Sun is present all the Year,  
And never doth retire his golden Ray,  
Needs must the Spring be everlasting there,  
And every Season like the Month of May)*

*O many, many Years may you remain  
A happy Angel to this happy Land:  
Long, long may you on Earth our Empress reign,  
Ere you in Heaven a glorious Angel stand.*

*Stay long (sweet spirit) ere thou to Heaven depart,  
Which mak'st each Place a Heaven wherein thou art.*

July 11.  
1592.

Her Majesty's least,

and unworthiest Subject,

JOHN DAVIES.



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O F  
 Humane Knowledge:  
 O R, A N  
 A C C O U N T  
 O F  
 M A N.

**W**Hy did my Parents send me to the Schools,  
 That I with Knowledge might enrich my Mind?  
 Since the Desire to know first made Men Fools,  
 And did corrupt the Root of all Mankind:

For when God's Hand had written in the Hearts  
 Of the first Parents all the Rules of Good;  
 So that their Skill infus'd did pass all Arts  
 That ever were before, or since the Flood.

And when their Reason's Eye was sharp and clear,  
 And (as an Eagle, can behold the Sun)  
 Could have approach'd th'Eternal Light as near  
 As th'intellectual Angels could have done.

Ev'n then to them the Spirit of Lyes suggests,  
 That they were blind, because they saw not Ill;  
 And breath'd into their incorrupted Breasts  
 A curious Wish, which did corrupt their Will.

For that same Ill they streight desir'd to know;  
 Which Ill being nought but a Defect of Good,  
 In all God's Works the Devil could not show,  
 While Man, their Lord, in his Perfection stood.

## *Nosce Teipsum : Know thy Self.*

So that themselves were first to do the Ill,  
 E'er they thereof the Knowledge could attain ;  
 Like him that knew not Poison's power to kill,  
 Until ( by tasting it ) himself was slain.

Ev'n so by tasting of that Fruit forbid,  
 Where they sought Knowledge, they did Error find :  
 Ill they desir'd to know, and Ill they did ;  
 And to give Passion Eyes, made Reason blind.

For then their Minds did first in Passion see  
 Those wretched Shapes of Misery and Woe,  
 Of Nakedness, of Shame, of Poverty ;  
 Which then their own Experience made them know.

But then grew Reason dark, that she no more  
 Could the fair Forms of Good and Truth discern :  
 Batts they became, who Eagles were before ;  
 And this they got by their Desire to learn.

But we, their wretched Off-spring ! What do we ?  
 Do not we still taste of the Fruit forbid,  
 Whiles with fond, fruitless Curiosity,  
 In Books prophane we seek for Knowledge hid ?

What is this Knowledge, but the Sky-stoll'n Fire,  
 For which the Thief still chain'd in Ice doth sit ;  
 And which the poor rude Satyr did admire,  
 And needs would kiss, but burnt his Lips with it ?

What is it, but the Cloud of empty Rain,  
 Which when Jove's Guest embrac'd, he Monsters got ?  
 Or the false Pails, which oft being fill'd with pain,  
 Receiv'd the Water, but retain'd it not ?

In fine ; What is it, but the fiery Coach  
 Which the Youth sought, and sought his Death withal ?  
 Or the Boy's Wings, which, when he did approach  
 The Sun's hot Beams, did melt, and let him fall ?

And yet, alas ! when all our Lamps are burn'd,  
 Our Bodies wasted, and our Spirits spent ;  
 When we have all the learned Volumes turn'd,  
 Which yield Men's VVits both Help and Ornament.

*What*

What can we know, or what can we discern,  
When Error clouds the Windows of the Mind?  
The divers Forms of things how can we learn,  
That have been ever from our Birth-day blind?

When Reason's Lamp, which (like the Sun in Sky)  
Throughout Man's little World her Beams did spread,  
Is now become a Sparkle, which doth lie  
Under the Ashes, half extinct, and dead;

How can we hope that through the Eye and Ear,  
This dying Sparkle, in this cloudy place,  
Can recollect those Beams of Knowledge clear,  
Which were infus'd in the first Minds by Grace?

So might the Heir, whose Father hath, in Play,  
Wasted a Thousand Pounds of ancient Rent,  
By painful earning of one Groat a Day,  
Hope to restore the Patrimony spent.

The VVits that div'd most deep, and soar'd most high,  
Seeking Man's Powers, have found his VWeakness such:  
"Skill comes so slow, and Life so fast doth fly;  
"VVe learn so little, and forget so much.

For this the wisest of all Moral Men  
Said, he knew nought, but that he nought did know.  
And the great mocking Master mock'd not then,  
When he said, Truth was buried here below.

For how may we to others Things attain,  
When none of us his own Soul understands?  
For which the Devil mocks our curious Brain,  
When Know thy Self, his Oracle commands.

For why should we the busie Soul believe,  
When boldly she concludes of that and this;  
When of her self she can no Judgment give,  
Nor how, nor whence, nor where, nor what she is?

All things without, which round about we see,  
VVe seek to know, and have therewith to do:  
But that whereby we reason, live and be,  
Within our selves, we Strangers are thereto.

VVe

# Nosce Teipsum: Know thy Self.

*We seek to know the moving of each Sphere,  
And the strange Cause of th'Ebbs and Floods of Nile;  
But of that Clock which in our Breasts we bear,  
The subtile Motions we forget the while.*

*We that acquaint our selves with ev'ry Zone,  
And pass the Tropicks, and behold each Pole;  
When we come home, are to our selves unknown,  
And unacquainted still with our own Soul.*

*We study Speech, but others we perswade;  
We Leech-craft learn, but others cure with it:  
We interpret Laws which other Men have made,  
But read not those which in our Hearts are writ.*

*Is it because the Mind is like the Eye,  
Through which it gathers Knowledge by degrees;  
Whose Rays reflect not, but spread outwardly;  
Not seeing it self, when other things it sees?*

*No, doubtless; for the Mind can backward cast  
Upon her self, her understanding Light;  
But she is so corrupt, and so defac'd,  
As her own Image doth her self affright.*

*As is the Fable of the Lady fair,  
Which for her Lust was turn'd into a Cow;  
When thirsty, to a Stream she did repair,  
And saw her self transform'd she wist not how;*

*At first she startles, then she stands amaz'd;  
At last with Terrour she from thence doth fly,  
And loaths the wat'ry Glass wherein she gaz'd,  
And shuns it still, though she for Thirst do die.*

*Ev'n so Man's Soul, which did God's Image bear;  
And was at first fair, good, and spotless pure;  
Since with her Sins, her Beauties blotted were,  
Doth, of all Sights, her own Sight least endure:*

*For ev'n at first Reflection she espies  
Such strange Chimera's, and such Monsters there;  
Such Toys, such Anticks, and such Vanities,  
As she retires and shrinks for shame and fear.*

*And*



And as the Man loves least at home to be,  
That hath a fluttish House, haunted with Sprites ;  
So she, impatient her own Faults to see,  
Turns from her self, and in strange things delights.

For this, few know themselves : For Merchants broke,  
View their Estate with Discontent and Pain ;  
And Seas are troubled, when they do revoke  
Their flowing Waves into themselves again.

And while the Face of outward things we find  
Pleasing and fair, agreeable and sweet,  
These things transport, and carry out the Mind,  
That with her self, the Mind can never meet.

Yet if Affliction once her Wars begin,  
And threat the feeble Sense with Sword and Fire,  
The Mind contracts her self, and shrinketh in,  
And to her self she gladly doth retire ;

As Spiders touch'd, seek their Web's inmost part ;  
As Bees in Storms, unto their Hives return ;  
As Blood in danger, gathers to the Heart ;  
As Men seek Towns, when Foes the Country burn.

If ought can teach us ought, Affliction's Looks  
( Making us look unto our selves so near )  
Teach us to know our selves, beyond all Books,  
Or all the learned Schools that ever were.

This Mistress lately pluck'd me by the Ear,  
And many a Golden Lesson hath me taught ;  
Hath made my Senses quick, and Reason clear ;  
Reform'd my Will, and rectify'd my Thought.

So do the Winds and Thunders cleanse the Air :  
So working Seas settle and purge the Wine :  
So lopp'd and pruned Trees do flourish fair :  
So doth the Fire the drossy Gold refine.

Neither Minerva, nor the learned Muse,  
Nor Rules of Art, nor Precepts of the Wise  
Could in my Brain those Beams of Skill infuse,  
As but the glance of this Dame's angry Eyes.

# Nosce Teipsum: Know thy Self.

She within Lifts my ranging Mind hath brought,  
 That now beyond my self I list not go;  
 My self am Centre of my circling Thought;  
 Only my self I study, learn and know.

I know my Body's of so frail a kind,  
 As Force without, Fevers within can kill:  
 I know the heavenly Nature of my Mind,  
 But 'tis corrupted both in Wit and Will:

I know my Soul hath power to know all things,  
 Yet is she blind and ignorant in all:  
 I know I'm one of Nature's little Kings,  
 Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall:

I know my Life's a Pain, and but a Span:  
 I know my Sense is mock'd with ev'ry thing:  
 And to conclude, I know my self a Man;  
 Which is a proud, and yet a wretched thing.

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Of

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## Of the Soul of Man, and the Original, Nature and Immortality thereof.

**T**He Lights of Heav'n (*which are the World's fair Eyes*)  
 Look down into the World, the World to see;  
 And as they turn, or wander in the Skies,  
 Survey all things that on this Centre be.

And yet the Lights which in my Tower do shine,  
 Mine Eyes, which view all Objects nigh and far,  
 Look not into this little World of mine,  
 Nor see my Face, wherein they fixed are.

Since Nature fails us in no needful thing,  
 Why want I Means my inward Self to see?  
 Which Sight the Knowledge of my self might bring,  
 Which to true Wisdom is the first Degree.

That Pow'r which gave me Eyes, the World to view,  
 To view my self, infus'd an inward Light,  
 Whereby my Soul, as by a Mirrour true,  
 Of her own Form may take a perfect Sight:

But as the sharpest Eye discerneth nought,  
 Except the Sun-beams in the Air do shine;  
 So the best Soul, with her reflecting Thought,  
 Sees not her self, without some Light Divine.

O Light, which mak'st the Light, which makes the Day;  
 Which sett'st the Eye without, and Mind within;  
 Lighten my Spirit with one clear heavenly Ray,  
 Which now to view it self doth first begin.

For her true Form, how can my Spark discern;  
 Which, dim by Nature, Art did never clear;  
 When the great VVits, of whom all Skill we learn,  
 Are ignorant both what she is, and where.

One thinks the Soul is Air; another, Fire;  
 Another, Blood diffus'd about the Heart;  
 Another saith, the Elements conspire,  
 And to her Essence each doth give a part.

Musicians

Musicians think our Souls are Harmonies ;  
 Physicians hold, that they Complexion's be ;  
 Epicures make them Swarms of Atomes,  
 Which do by chance into our Bodies flee.

Some think one gen'ral Soul fills ev'ry Brain,  
 As the bright Sun sheds Light in ev'ry Star ;  
 And others think the Name of Soul is vain,  
 And that we only well-mix'd Bodies are.

In Judgment of her Substance thus they vary,  
 And thus they vary in Judgment of her Seat ;  
 For some her Chair up to the Brain do carry,  
 Some thrust it down into the Stomach's Heat.

Some place it in the Root of Life, the Heart ;  
 Some in the Liver, Fountain of the Veins :  
 Some say, She's all in all, and all in part :  
 Some say, she's not contain'd, but all contains.

Thus these great Clerks their little Wisdom show,  
 While with their Doctrines they at Hazard play ;  
 Tossing their light Opinions to and fro,  
 To mock the Lewd, as learn'd in this as they.

For no craz'd Brain could ever yet propound,  
 Touching the Soul, so vain and fond a Thought,  
 But some among these Masters have been found,  
 Which in their Schools the self-same thing have taught.

God only wise, to punish Pride of Wit,  
 Among Men's Wits hath this Confusion wrought ;  
 As the proud Tow'r, whose Points the Clouds did hit,  
 By Tongues Confusion was to Ruin brought.

But ( Thou ) which didst Man's Soul of Nothing make,  
 And when to Nothing it was fall'n again,  
 " To make it new, the Form of Man didst take ;  
 " And God with God, becam'st a Man with Men.

Thou that hast fashion'd twice this Soul of ours,  
 So that she is by double Title thine,  
 Thou only know'st her Nature, and her Pow'rs ;  
 Her subtile Form, thou only canst define.



To judge her self, she must her self transcend,  
 As greater Circles comprehend the less :  
 But she wants Pow'r, her own Pow'rs to extend,  
 As fetter'd Men cannot their Strength express.

But thou bright Morning-Star, thou Rising Sun,  
 Which in these latter Times hast brought to Light  
 Those Mysteries, that since the World begun,  
 Lay hid in Darkneß, and Eternal Night.

Thou (like the Sun) dost, with an equal Ray,  
 Into the Palace and the Cottage shine ;  
 And shew'st the Soul both to the Clerk and Lay,  
 By the clear Lamp of th'Oracle divine.

This Lamp, through all the Regions of my Brain,  
 Where my Soul sits, doth spread such Beams of Grace,  
 As now, methinks, I do distinguish plain,  
 Each subtile Line of her immortal Face.

The Soul a Substance and a Spirit is,  
 Which God himself doth in the Body make,  
 Which makes the Man ; for every Man from this,  
 The Nature of a Man, and Name doth take.

And though this Spirit be to th'Body knit,  
 As an apt Means her Pow'rs to exercise,  
 Which are Life, Motion, Sense, and Will, and Wit ;  
 Yet she survives, although the Body dies.

- \* She is a Substance, and a real thing ;
1. Which hath it self an actual, working Might ;
  2. Which neither from the Senses Power doth spring ;
  3. Nor from the Body's Humours temper'd right.

\* That the  
 Soul is a  
 thing subsist-  
 ing by it self,  
 without the  
 Body.

She is a Vine, which doth no propping need,  
 To make her spread her self, or spring upright:  
 She is a Star, whose Beams do not proceed  
 From any Sun, but from a native Light.

For when she sorts Things present with Things past,  
 And thereby Things to come doth oft fore-see ;  
 When she doth doubt at first, and chuse at last,  
 These Acts her own, without her Body be.

1.  
 That the Soul  
 hath a proper  
 Operation  
 without the  
 Body.

D d

When

# Nosce Teipsum : Know thy Self.

*When of the Dew, which th'Eye and Ear do take  
From Flow'rs abroad, and bring into the Brain,  
She doth within both Wax and Honey make :  
This Work is hers, this is her proper Pain.*

*When she from sundry Acts, one Skill doth draw ;  
Gath'ring from divers Fights, one Art of War ;  
From many Cases like, one Rule of Law :  
These her Collections, not the Senses are.*

*When in th'Effects she doth the Causes know ;  
And seeing the Stream, thinks where the Spring doth rise ;  
And seeing the Branch, conceives the Root below :  
These things she views, without the Body's Eyes.*

*When she, without a Pegasus, doth fly  
Swifter than Lightning's Fire, from East to West ;  
About the Centre, and above the Sky,  
She travels then, although the Body rest.*

*When all her Works she formeth first within,  
Proportions them, and sees their perfect End,  
E'er she in Act doth any Part begin :  
What Instruments doth then the Body lend ?*

*When without Hands she doth thus Castles build,  
Sees without Eyes, and without Feet doth run ;  
When she digests the World, yet is not fill'd :  
By her own Pow'rs these Miracles are done.*

*When she defines, argues, divides, compounds,  
Considers Vertue, Vice, and general Things ;  
And marrying divers Principles and Grounds,  
Out of their Match, a true Conclusion brings.*

*These Actions in her Closet, all alone,  
(Retir'd within her self) she doth fulfil ;  
Use of her Body's Organs she hath none,  
When she doth use the Pow'rs of Wit and Will.*

*Yet in the Body's Prison so she lies,  
As through the Body's Windows she must look,  
Her divers Powers of Sense to exercise,  
By gath'ring Notes out of the World's great Book.*

Nor

*Nor can her self discourse or judge of ought,  
But what the Sense collects, and home doth bring ;  
And yet the Pow'r of her discoursing Thought,  
From these Collections, is a divers thing.*

*For though our Eyes can nought but Colours see,  
Yet Colours give them not their Pow'r of Sight :  
So, though these Fruits of Sense her Objects be,  
Yet she discerns them by her proper Light.*

*The Work-man on his Stuff his Skill doth show,  
And yet the Stuff gives not the Man his Skill :  
Kings their Affairs do by their Servants know,  
But order them by their own Royal Will.*

*So, though this cunning Mistress, and this Queen,  
Doth, as her Instruments, the Senses use,  
To know all things that are felt, heard, or seen ;  
Yet she her self doth only judge and chuse.*

*Ev'n as a prudent Emperor, that reigns  
By Sovereign Title, over sundry Lands,  
Borrows, in mean Affairs, his Subjects Pains,  
Sees by their Eyes, and writeth by their Hands :*

*But Things of weight and consequence indeed,  
Himself doth in his Chamber them debate ;  
Where all his Counsellors he doth exceed,  
As far in Judgment, as he doth in State.*

*Or as the Man whom Princes do advance,  
Upon their gracious Mercy-Seat to sit,  
Doth common Things, of Course and Circumstance,  
To the Reports of common Men commit :*

*But when the Cause it self must be decreed,  
Himself in Person, in his proper Court,  
To grave and solemn Hearing doth proceed,  
Of ev'ry Proof, and ev'ry By-Report.*

*Then, like God's Angel, he pronounceth Right,  
And Milk and Honey from his Tongue doth flow :  
Happy are they that still are in his sight,  
To reap the Wisdom which his Lips do sow.*

*Right*

## Nofce Teipsum: Know thy Self.

Right so the Soul, which is a Lady free,  
And doth the Justice of her State maintain:  
Because the Senses ready Servants be,  
Attending nigh about her Court, the Brain;

By them the Forms of outward Things she learns,  
For they return into the Fantasie,  
Whatever each of them abroad discerns;  
And there inrol it, for the Mind to see.

But when she sits to judge the Good and Ill,  
And to discern betwixt the False and True,  
She is not guided by the Senses Skill,  
But doth each thing in her own Mirrour view.

Then she the Senses checks, which oft do err,  
And ev'n against their false Reports decrees;  
And oft she doth condemn what they prefer;  
For with a Pow'r above the Sense, she sees.

Therefore no Sense the precious Joys conceives,  
Which in her private Contemplations be;  
For then the ravish'd Spirit th' Senses leaves,  
Hath her own Pow'rs, and proper Actions free.

Her Harmonies are sweet, and full of Skill,  
When on the Body's Instruments she plays;  
But the Proportions of the Wit and Will,  
Those sweet Accords are even th' Angels Lays.

These Tunes of Reason are Amphion's Lyre,  
Wherewith he did the Thebane City found:  
These are the Notes wherewith the Heavenly Choir,  
The Praise of him which made the Heaven, doth sound.

Then her self-being Nature shines in this,  
That she performs her noblest Works alone:  
"The Work, the Touch-Stone of the Nature is;  
"And by their Operations, Things are known.

Are they not senseless then, that think the Soul  
Nought but a fine Perfection of the Sense,  
Or of the Forms which Fancy doth inrol;  
A quick Resulting, and a Consequence?

What

2.  
That the Soul  
is more than  
a Perfection,  
or Reflection  
of the Sense.



*What is it then that doth the Sense accuse,  
Both of false Judgment, and fond Appetites ?  
What makes us do what Sense doth most refuse,  
Which oft in Torment of the Sense delights ?*

*Sense thinks the Planets Spheres not much asunder :  
What tells us then their Distance is so far ?  
Sense thinks the Lightning born before the Thunder :  
What tells us then they both together are ?*

*When Men seem Crows far off upon a Tow'r,  
Sense saith, they're Crows : What makes us think them Men ?  
When we, in Agues, think all sweet things sowre,  
What makes us know our Tongues false Judgment then ?*

*What Pow'r was that, whereby Medea saw,  
And well approv'd, and prais'd the better Course ;  
When her rebellious Sense did so withdraw  
Her feeble Pow'rs, as she pursu'd the worse ?*

*Did Sense perswade Ulysses not to hear  
The Mermaid's Songs, which so his Men did please,  
As they were all perswaded, through the Ear,  
To quit the Ship, and leap into the Seas ?*

*Could any Pow'r of Sense the Roman move,  
To burn his own Right Hand with Courage stout ?  
Could Sense make Marius sit unbound, and prove  
The cruel Lancing of the knotty Gout ?*

*Doubtless, in Man there is a Nature found,  
Beside the Senses, and above them far ;  
" Though most Men being in sensual Pleasures drown'd.  
" It seems their Souls but in their Senses are.*

*If we had nought but Sense, then only they  
Should have found Minds, which have their Senses found :  
But wisdom grows, when Senses do decay ;  
And Folly most in quickest Sense is found.*

*If we had nought but Sense, each living Wight,  
Which we call Brute, would be more sharp than we ;  
As having Sense's apprehensive Might,  
In a more clear, and excellent Degree.*

## *Nosce Teipsum : Know thy Self.*

*But they do want that quick discourfing Pow'r,  
Which doth in us the erring Sense correct ;  
Therefore the Bee did suck the painted Flow'r,  
And Birds, of Grapes, the cunning Shadow peck'd.*

*Sense Out-fides knows, the Soul through all things fees :  
Sense, Circumftance ; ſhe doth the Subftance view :  
Sense fees the Bark ; but ſhe, the Life of Trees :  
Sense hears the Sounds ; but ſhe, the Concords true.*

*But why do I the Soul and Sense divide,  
When Sense is but a Pow'r, which ſhe extends ;  
Which being in divers parts diverfify'd,  
The divers Forms of Objects apprehends ?*

*This Power ſpreads outward, but the Root doth grow  
In th'inward Soul, which only doth perceive ;  
For th'Eyes and Ears no more their Objects know,  
Than Glaſſes know what Faces they receive.*

*For if we chance to fix our Thoughts elſewhere,  
Although our Eyes be ope, we cannot ſee :  
And if one Pow'r did not both ſee and hear,  
Our Sight and Sounds would always double be.*

*Then is the Soul a Nature, which contains  
The Pow'r of Sense, within a greater Pow'r ;  
Which doth employ and uſe the Senſe's Pains,  
But ſits and rules within her private Bow'r.*

*If ſhe doth then the ſubtile Senſe excel,  
How groſſ are they that drown her in the Blood ;  
Or in the Body's Humours temper'd well ;  
As if in them ſuch high Perfection ſtood ?*

*As if moſt Skill in that Muſician were,  
Which had the beſt, and beſt tun'd Inſtrument ?  
As if the Penſil neat, and Colours clear,  
Had Pow'r to make the Painter excellent ?*

*Why doth not Beauty then refine the Wit,  
And good Complexion rectifie the Will ?  
Why doth not Health bring Wiſdom ſtill with it ?  
Why doth not Sickneſs make Men brutiſh ſtill ?*

*Who*

3.  
*That the Soul  
is more than  
the Tempera-  
ture of the  
Humours of  
the Body.*

Who can in Memory, or Wit, or Will,  
Or Air, or Fire, or Earth, or Water find ?  
What Alchymist can draw, with all his Skill,  
The Quintessence of these out of the Mind ?

If th'Elements which have nor Life, nor Sense,  
Can breed in us so great a Pow'r as this,  
Why give they not themselves like Excellence,  
Or other things wherein their Mixture is ?

If she were but the Body's Quality,  
Then would she be with it sick, maim'd and blind :  
But we perceive, where these Privations be,  
An healthy, perfect, and sharp-sighted Mind.

If she the Body's Nature did partake,  
Her Strength would with the Body's Strength decay :  
But when the Body's strongest Sinews slake,  
Then is the Soul most active, quick and gay.

If she were but the Body's Accident,  
And her sole Being did in it subsist,  
As White in Snow, she might her self absent,  
And in the Body's Substance not be miss'd.

But it on her, not she on it depends ;  
For she the Body doth sustain and cherish :  
Such secret Pow'rs of Life to it she lends,  
That when they fail, then doth the Body perish.

Since then the Soul works by her self alone,  
Springs not from Sense, nor Humours well agreeing,  
Her Nature is peculiar, and her own ;  
She is a Substance, and a perfect Being.

But though this Substance be the Root of Sense,  
Sense knows her not, which doth but Bodies know :  
She is a Spirit, and Heav'nly Influence,  
Which from the Fountain of God's Spirit doth flow.

*That the Soul  
is a Spirit.*

She is a Spirit, yet not like Air, or Wind ;  
Nor like the Spirits about the Heart, or Brain ;  
Nor like those Spirits which Alchymists do find,  
When they in ev'ry thing seek Gold in vain.

For



# Nofce Teipsum: Know thy Self.

For she all Natures under Heav'n doth paß,  
 Being like those Spirits, which God's bright Face do see;  
 Or like Himself, whose Image once she was,  
 Though now (alas!) she scarce his Shadow be.

For of all Forms, she holds the first Degree,  
 That are to groß, material Bodies knit;  
 Yet she her self is bodilels, and free;  
 And though confin'd, is almost infinite.

Were she a Body, how could she remain  
 Within this Body, which is less than she?  
 Or how could she the World's great Shape contain,  
 And in our narrow Breasts contained be?

*That it cannot be a Body.*

All Bodies are confin'd within some place,  
 But she all Place within her self confines.  
 All Bodies have their Measure, and their Space;  
 But who can draw the Soul's dimensive Lines?

No Body can at once two Forms admit,  
 Except the one the other do deface;  
 But in the Soul ten thousand Forms do sit,  
 And none intrudes into her Neighbour's Place.

All Bodies are with other Bodies fill'd,  
 But she receives both Heav'n and Earth together:  
 Nor are their Forms by rash Encounter spill'd,  
 For there they stand, and neither toucheth either.

Nor can her wide Embracements filled be;  
 For they that most, and greatest things embrace,  
 Enlarge thereby their Minds Capacity,  
 As Streams enlarg'd, enlarge the Channel's Space.

All things receiv'd, do such Proportion take,  
 As those things have, wherein they are receiv'd:  
 So little Glasses little Faces make,  
 And narrow Webs on narrow Frames are weav'd.

Then what vast Body must we make the Mind,  
 Wherein are Men, Beasts, Trees, Towns, Seas and Lands;  
 And yet each thing a proper place doth find,  
 And each thing in the true Proportion stands?

Doubt-



Doubleſſ, this could not be, but that ſhe turns  
Bodies to Spirits, by Sublimation ſtrange;  
As Fire converts to Fire the things it burns,  
As we our Meats into our Nature change.

From their groſſ Matter ſhe abſtracts the Forms,  
And draws a kind of Quinteſſence from things;  
Which to her proper Nature ſhe transforms,  
To bear them light on her Celeſtial Wings.

This doth ſhe, when, from things particular,  
She doth abſtract the univerſal Kinds,  
Which bodileſſ and immaterial are,  
And can be lodg'd but only in our Minds.

And thus, from divers Accidents and Acts,  
Which do within her Obſervation fall,  
She Goddeſſes, and Pow'rs divine abſtracts;  
As Nature, Fortune, and the Vertues all.

Again; How can ſhe ſev'ral Bodies know,  
If in her ſelf a Body's Form ſhe bear?  
How can a Mirrour ſundry Faces ſhow,  
If from all Shapes and Forms it be not clear?

Nor could we by our Eyes all Colours learn,  
Except our Eyes were of all Colours void;  
Nor ſundry Taſtes can any Tongue diſcern,  
Which is with groſſ and bitter Humours cloy'd.

Nor may a Man of Paſſions judge aright,  
Except his Mind be from all Paſſions free:  
Nor can a Judge his Office well acquit,  
If he poſſeſſ'd of either Party be.

If, laſtly, this quick Pow'r a Body were,  
Were it as ſwift as is the Wind, or Fire,  
(Whoſe Atoms do th'one down ſide-ways bear,  
And make th'other in Pyramids aſpire.)

Her nimble Body yet in time muſt move,  
And not in Inſtants through all places ſlide:  
But ſhe is nigh and far, beneath, above,  
In point of Time, which Thought cannot divide:

*Nosce Teipsum : Know thy Self.*

*She's sent as soon to China, as to Spain ;  
And thence returns, as soon as she is sent :  
She measures with one Time, and with one Pain,  
An Ell of Silk, and Heaven's wide-spreading Tent.*

*As then the Soul a Substance hath alone,  
Besides the Body, in which she is confin'd ;  
So hath she not a Body of her own,  
But is a Spirit, and immaterial Mind.*

*Since Body and Soul have such Diversities,  
Well might we muse, how first their Match began ;  
But that we learn, that He that spread the Skies,  
And fix'd the Earth, first form'd the Soul in Man.*

*This true Prometheus first made Man of Earth,  
And shed in him a Beam of Heav'nly Fire ;  
Now in their Mother's Wombs, before their Birth,  
Doth in all Sons of Men their Souls inspire.*

*And as Minerva is in Fables said,  
From Jove, without a Mother, to proceed ;  
So our true Jove, without a Mother's Aid,  
Doth daily Millions of Minerva's breed.*

*Then neither from Eternity before,  
Nor from the Time, when Time's first Point begun,  
Made he all Souls, which now he keeps in store ;  
Some in the Moon, and others in the Sun :*

*Nor in a secret Cloyster doth he keep  
These Virgin-Spirits, until their Marriage-day ;  
Nor locks them up in Chambers, where they sleep,  
Till they awake within these Beds of Clay.*

*Nor did he first a certain Number make,  
Infusing part in Beasts, and part in Men ;  
And, as unwilling further Pains to take,  
Would make no more than those he framed then.*

*So that the Widow-Soul, her Body dying,  
Unto the next-born Body married was ;  
And so by often changing, and supplying,  
Men's Souls to Beasts, and Beasts to Men did pass.*

( These

*Erroneous  
Opinions of  
the Creation  
of Souls.*

( These Thoughts are fond ; for since the Bodies born  
Be more in number far, than those that die,  
Thousands must be abortive, and forlorn,  
Ere others Deaths to them their Souls supply : )

But as God's Handmaid, Nature, doth create  
Bodies in time distinct, and Order due ;  
So God gives Souls the like successive Date,  
Which Himself makes, in Bodies formed new :

Which Himself makes of no material thing ;  
For unto Angels he no Pow'r hath giv'n,  
Either to form the Shape, or Stuff to bring  
From Air, or Fire, or Substance of the Heav'n.

Nor he in this doth Nature's Service use ;  
For though from Bodies, she can Bodies bring,  
Yet could she never Souls from Souls traduce,  
As Fire from Fire, or Light from Light doth spring.

Alas ! that some that were great Lights of old,  
And in their Hands the Lamp of God did bear !  
Some rev'rend Fathers did this Error hold,  
Having their Eyes dimm'd with religious Fear.

*Objection,  
That the Soul  
is ex tra-  
duce.*

For when (say they) by Rule of Faith we find,  
That ev'ry Soul, unto her Body knit,  
Brings from the Mother's Womb the Sin of kind,  
The Root of all the Ill she doth commit,

How can we say that God the Soul doth make,  
But we must make him Author of her Sin ?  
Then from Man's Soul she doth Beginning take,  
Since in Man's Soul Corruption did begin.

For if God make her first, he makes her ill,  
( Which God forbid our Thoughts should yield unto ; )  
Or makes the Body her fair Form to spill,  
Which, of it self, it had not Pow'r to do.

Not Adam's Body, but his Soul did sin,  
And so her self unto Corruption brought ;  
But our poor Soul corrupted is within,  
Ere she had found, either in Act, or Thought :

*And*



And yet we see in her such Pow'rs Divine,  
As we could gladly think, from God she came :  
Pain would we make him Author of the Wine,  
If for the Dregs we could some other blame.

The Answer  
to the Obje-  
ction.

Thus these good Men with holy Zeal were blind,  
When on the other part the Truth did shine,  
Whereof we do clear Demonstrations find,  
By Light of Nature, and by Light Divine.

None are so gross, as to contend for this,  
That Souls from Bodies may traduced be ;  
Between whose Natures no Proportion is,  
When Root and Branch in Nature still agree.

But many subtile Wits have justify'd,  
That Souls from Souls spiritually may spring ;  
Which (if the Nature of the Soul be try'd)  
Will ev'n in Nature prove as gross a thing.

Reasons  
drawn from  
Nature.

For all things made, are either made of nought,  
Or made of Stuff that ready made doth stand :  
Of nought no Creature ever formed ought,  
For that is proper to th' Almighty's Hand.

If then the Soul another Soul do make,  
Because her Pow'r is kept within a Bound,  
She must some former Stuff, or Matter take :  
But in the Soul there is no Matter found.

Then if her heavenly Form do not agree  
With any Matter which the World contains,  
Then she of nothing must created be ;  
And to create, to God alone pertains.

Again, If Souls do other Souls beget,  
'Tis by themselves, or by the Bodies Pow'r :  
If by themselves, what doth their Working let,  
But they might Souls engender ev'ry Hour ?

If by the Body, how can Wit and Will  
Join with the Body only in this Act,  
Sith when they do their other Works fulfil,  
They from the Body do themselves abstract ?

Again,



*Again, If Souls of Souls begotten were,  
Into each other they should change and move :  
And Change and Motion still Corruption bear ;  
How shall we then the Soul immortal prove ?*

*If, lastly, Souls do Generation use,  
Then should they spread incorruptible Seed :  
What then becomes of that which they do lose,  
When th' Acts of Generation do not speed ?*

*And though the Soul could cast spiritual Seed,  
Yet would she not, because she never dies ;  
For mortal things desire their Like to breed,  
That so they may their Kind immortalize.*

*Therefore the Angels, Sons of God are nam'd,  
And marry not, nor are in Marriage giv'n :  
Their Spirits and ours are of one Substance fram'd ;  
And have one Father, ev'n the Lord of Heav'n ;*

*Who would at first, that in each other thing,  
The Earth and Water living Souls should breed,  
But that Man's Soul, whom he would make their King,  
Should from himself immediately proceed.*

*And when he took the Woman from Man's side,  
Doubtless himself inspir'd her Soul alone :  
For 'tis not said, he did Man's Soul divide,  
But took Flesh of his Flesh, Bone of his Bone.*

*Lastly, God being made Man, for Man's own sake,  
And being like Man in all, except in Sin,  
His Body from the Virgin's Womb did take ;  
But all agree, God form'd his Soul within.*

*Then is the Soul from God ; so Pagans say,  
Which saw by Nature's Light her heavenly Kind ;  
Naming her, Kin to God, and God's bright Ray,  
A Citizen of Heav'n, to Earth confin'd.*

*But now I feel, they pluck me by the Ear,  
Whom my young Muse so boldly termed blind ;  
And crave more heav'nly Light, that Cloud to clear ;  
Which makes them think, God doth not make the Mind.*

Reasons  
drawn from  
Divinity.

## Nosce Teipsum : Know thy Self.

God, doubtless, makes her, and doth make her good,  
And grafts her in the Body, there to spring ;  
Which, though it be corrupted Flesh and Blood,  
Can no way to the Soul Corruption bring :

Yet is not God the Author of her Ill,  
Though Author of her Being, and being there :  
And if we dare to judge our Maker's Will,  
He can condemn us, and himself can clear.

First, God from infinite Eternitie  
Decreed, what hath been, is, or shall be done ;  
And was resolv'd, that ev'ry Man should be,  
And in his turn, his Race of Life should run :

And so did purpose all the Souls to make,  
That ever have been made, or ever shall ;  
And that their Being they should only take  
In Humane Bodies, or not be at all.

Was it then fit that such a weak Event  
(Weakness it self, the Sin and Fall of Man)  
His Counsel's Execution should prevent,  
Decreed and fix'd before the World began ?

Or that one Penal Law by Adam broke,  
Should make God break his own Eternal Law ;  
The settled Order of the World revoke,  
And change all Forms of Things which he fore-saw ?

Could Eve's weak Hand, extended to the Tree,  
In sunder rend that Adamantine Chain,  
Whose golden Links, Effects and Causes be ;  
And which to God's own Chair doth fix'd remain ?

Oh, Could we see how Cause from Cause doth spring !  
How mutually they link'd and folded are !  
And hear how oft one disagreeing String  
The Harmony doth rather make than marr !

And view at once, how Death by Sin is brought ;  
And how from Death, a better Life doth rise !  
How this God's Justice, and his Mercy taught !  
We this Decree would praise, as right and wise.

But

*But we that measure Times by First and Last,  
The sight of things successively do take,  
When God on all at once his View doth cast,  
And of all Times doth but one Instant make.*

*All in Himself, as in a Glasse, he sees ;  
For from him, by him, through him, all things be :  
His Sight is not discursive, by degrees ;  
But seeing the whole, each single part doth see.*

*He looks on Adam, as a Root, or Well ;  
And on his Heirs, as Branches, and as Streams :  
He sees all Men, as one Man, though they dwell  
In sundry Cities, and in sundry Realms.*

*And as the Root and Branch are but one Tree,  
And Well and Stream do but one River make ;  
So, if the Root and Well corrupted be,  
The Stream and Branch the same Corruption take.*

*So, when the Root and Fountain of Mankind  
Did draw Corruption, and God's Curse, by Sin,  
This was a Charge, that all his Heirs did bind,  
And all his Offspring grew corrupt therein.*

*And as when th' Hand doth strike, the Man offends,  
(For Part from Whole, Law severs not in this,)  
So Adam's Sin to the whole Kind extends ;  
For all their Natures are but part of his.*

*Therefore this Sin of Kind, not personal,  
But real, and hereditary was ;  
The Guilt thereof, and Punishment to all,  
By Course of Nature, and of Law doth pass.*

*For as that easie Law was giv'n to all,  
To Ancestor and Heir, to First and Last ;  
So was the first Transgression general ;  
And all did pluck the Fruit, and all did taste.*

*Of this we find some Foot-steps in our Law,  
Which doth her Root from God and Nature take ;  
Ten thousand Men she doth together draw,  
And of them all, one Corporation make :*

# Nofce Teipsum: Know thy Self.

Yet these, and their Successors, are but one ;  
 And if they gain, or lose their Liberties,  
 They harm, or profit not themselves alone,  
 But such as in succeeding Time shall rise.

And so the Ancestor, and all his Heirs,  
 Though they in number pass the Stars of Heav'n,  
 Are still but one ; his Forfeitures are theirs,  
 And unto them are his Advancements giv'n :

His Civil Acts do bind and bar them all ;  
 And as from Adam, all Corruption take,  
 So, if the Father's Crime be capital,  
 In all the Blood, Law doth Corruption make.

Is it then just with us, to dis-inherit  
 Th'unborn Nephews, for the Father's Fault ;  
 And to advance again, for one Man's Merit,  
 A thousand Heirs, that have deserved nought ?

And is not God's Decree as just as ours,  
 If he, for Adam's Sin, his Sons deprive  
 Of all those native Vertues, and those Pow'rs,  
 Which he to him, and to his Race did give ?

For, What is this contagious Sin of Kind,  
 But a Privation of that Grace within,  
 And of that great rich Dowry of the Mind ;  
 Which all had had, but for the first Man's Sin ?

If then a Man, on light Conditions, gain  
 A great Estate, to him, and his, for ever ;  
 If wilfully he forfeit it again,  
 Who doth bemoan his Heir, or blame the Giver ?

So, though God make the Soul good, rich and fair,  
 Yet when her Form is to the Body knit,  
 Which makes the Man, which Man is Adam's Heir,  
 Justly forthwith he takes his Grace from it :

And then the Soul, being first from Nothing brought,  
 When God's Grace fails her, doth to Nothing fall ;  
 And this declining Proneness unto Nought,  
 Is ev'n that Sin that we are born withal.



*Yet not alone the first good Qualities,  
Which in the first Soul were, deprived are ;  
But in their place the contrary do rise,  
And real Spots of Sin her Beauty marr.*

*Nor is it strange, that Adam's ill Desert  
Should be transferr'd unto his guilty Race,  
When Christ his Grace and Justice doth impart  
To Men unjust, and such as have no Grace.*

*Lastly, The Soul were better so to be  
Born Slave to Sin, than not to be at all ;  
Since ( if she do believe ) one sets her free,  
That makes her mount the higher for her Fall.*

*Yet this the curious Wits will not content ;  
They yet will know ( sith God fore-saw this Ill )  
Why his high Providence did not prevent  
The Declination of the first Man's Will.*

*If by his Word he had the Current stay'd  
Of Adam's Will, which was by Nature free,  
It had been one, as if his Word had said,  
I will henceforth, that Man no Man shall be.*

*For what is Man without a moving Mind,  
Which hath a judging Wit, and chusing Will ?  
Now, if God's Pow'r should her Election bind,  
Her Motions then would cease, and stand all still.*

*And why did God in Man this Soul infuse,  
But that he should his Maker know and love ?  
Now, if Love be compell'd, and cannot chuse,  
How can it grateful, or thank-worthy prove ?*

*Love must free-hearted be, and voluntary ;  
And not enchanted, or by Fate constrain'd :  
Nor like that Love, which did Ulysses carry  
To Circe's Isle, with mighty Charms enchain'd.*

*Besides, Were we unchangeable in Will,  
And of a Wit that nothing could mis-deem ;  
Equal to God, whose Wisdom shineth still,  
And never errs, we might our selves esteem.*

H h

So

So that if *Man* would be unvariable,  
 He must be God, or like a Rock or Tree ;  
 For ev'n the perfect *Angels* were not stable,  
 But had a Fall more desperate than we.

Then let us praise that Pow'r, which makes us be  
 Men as we are, and rest contented so ;  
 And knowing *Man's* Fall was Curiosity,  
 Admire God's Counsels, which we cannot know.

And let us know that God the Maker is  
 Of all the Souls, in all the Men that be ;  
 Yet their Corruption is no Fault of his,  
 But the first *Man's*, that broke God's first Decree.

*Why the Soul  
 is united to  
 the Body.*

This Substance, and this Spirit, of God's own making,  
 Is in the Body plac'd, and planted here ;  
 " That both of God, and of the World partaking,  
 " Of all that is, *Man* might the Image bear.

God first made *Angels* bodiless, pure Minds ;  
 Then other things, which mindless Bodies be ;  
 Last, he made *Man*, th' Horizon 'twixt both Kinds,  
 In whom we do the World's Abridgment see.

Besides, this World below did need one Wight,  
 Which might thereof distinguish ev'ry part ;  
 Make use thereof, and take therein delight ;  
 And order things with Industry and Art :

Which also God might in his Works admire,  
 And here beneath yeild him both Prayer and Praise ;  
 As there, above, the holy *Angels* Choir  
 Doth spread his Glory forth with spiritual Lays.

Lastly, The brute, unreasonable Wights  
 Did want a visible King, on them to reign :  
 And God himself thus to the World unites,  
 That so the World might endless Bliss obtain.

*In what  
 manner the  
 Soul is uni-  
 ted to the  
 Body.*

But how shall we this Union well express ?  
 Nought ties the Soul, her Subtilty is such ;  
 She moves the Body, which she doth possess ;  
 Yet no part toucheth, but by Vertue's Touch.

Then

Nosce Teipsum : Look Home.

Then dwells she not therein, as in a Tent ;  
Nor as a Pilot in his Ship doth sit ;  
Nor as the Spider in his Web is pent ;  
Nor as the Wax retains the Print in it ;

Nor as a Vessel Water doth contain ;  
Nor as one Liquor in another shed ;  
Nor as the Heat doth in the Fire remain ;  
Nor as a Voice throughout the Air is spread :

But as the fair and chearful Morning-Light  
Doth here and there her Silver-Beams impart,  
And in an Instant doth her self unite  
To the transparent Air, in all, and part ;

Still resting whole, when Blows the Air divide ;  
Abiding pure, when th' Air is most corrupted ;  
Throughout th' Air, her Beams dispersing wide ;  
And when the Air is to'st'd, not interrupted :

So doth the piercing Soul the Body fill,  
Being all in all, and all in part diffus'd ;  
Indivisible, incorruptible still ;  
Not forc'd, encounter'd, troubled, or confus'd.

And as the Sun above the Light doth bring,  
Though we behold it in the Air below ;  
So from th' Eternal Light the Soul doth spring,  
Though in the Body she her Powers do show.

But as the World's Sun doth Effects beget,  
Divers, in divers places ev'ry Day ;  
Here Autumn's Temperature, there Summer's Heat ;  
Here flow'ry Spring-tide, and there Winter-Gray :

*How the Soul  
doth exercise  
her Powers  
in the Body.*

Here Ev'n, there Morn ; here Noon, there Day, there Night,  
Melts Wax, dries Clay, makes Flow'rs, some quick, some dead ;  
Makes the Moor black, and th' European white ;  
Th' American tawny, and th' East-Indian red :

So in our little World, this Soul of ours  
Being only one, and to one Body ty'd,  
Doth use, on divers Objects, divers Powers ;  
And so are her Effects diversify'd.

Her

*The vegeta-  
tive, or quick-  
ning Power.*

Her quick'ning Power in ev'ry living part,  
Doth as a Nurse, or as a Mother serve;  
And doth employ her Oeconomick Art,  
And busie Care, her Household to preserve.

Here she attracts, and there she doth retain;  
There she decocts, and doth the Food prepare;  
There she distributes it to ev'ry Vein,  
There she expels what she may fitly spare.

This Pow'r to Martha may compared be,  
Who busie was, the Household-things to do;  
Or to a Dryas, living in a Tree;  
For ev'n to Trees this Pow'r is proper too.

And though the Soul may not this Pow'r extend  
Out of the Body, but still use it there,  
She hath a Pow'r which she abroad doth send,  
Which views and searcheth all things ev'ry where.

*The Power  
of Sense.*

This Pow'r is Sense, which from abroad doth bring;  
The Colour, Taste, and Touch, and Scent, and Sound,  
The Quantity and Shape of ev'ry thing  
Within th'Earth's Centre, or Heav'n's Circle found.

This Pow'r, in Parts made fit, fit Objects takes;  
Yet not the Things, but Forms of Things receives;  
As when a Seal in Wax Impression makes,  
The print therein, but not it self, it leaves.

And though things sensible be numberless,  
But only Five the Senses Organs be;  
And in those Five, all things their Forms express,  
Which we can touch, taste, feel, or hear, or see.

These are the Windows, through the which she views  
The Light of Knowledge, which is Life's Load-Star:  
"And yet while she these Spectacles doth use,  
"Oft worldly Things seem greater than they are.

*Seeing.*

First, The two Eyes, which have the Seeing Pow'r,  
Stand as one Watch-man, Spy, or Sentinel,  
Being plac'd aloft, within the Head's high Tow'r;  
And though both see, yet both but one thing tell.

*These*



*These Mirrours take into their little Space,  
The Forms of Moon and Sun, and ev'ry Star,  
Of ev'ry body, and of ev'ry place,  
Which with the World's wide Arms embraced are :*

*Yet their best Object, and their noblest Use,  
Hereafter in another World will be,  
When God in them shall heav'nly Light infuse,  
That Face to Face they may their Maker see.*

*Here are they Guides, which do the Body lead,  
Which else would stumble in Eternal Night :  
Here in this World they do much Knowledge read,  
And are the Casements which admit most Light :*

*They are her farthest reaching Instrument,  
Yet they no Beams unto their Objects send ;  
But all the Rays are from their Objects sent,  
And in the Eyes with pointed Angles end.*

*If th' Objects be far off, the Rays do meet  
In a sharp Point, and so things seem but small :  
If they be near, their Rays do spread and fleet,  
And make broad Points, that things seem great withal.*

*Lastly, Nine things to Sight required are ;  
The Pow'r to see, the Light, the visible thing,  
Being not too small, too thin, too nigh, too far,  
Clear Space, and Time, the Form distinct to bring.*

*Thus see we how the Soul doth use the Eyes,  
As Instruments of her quick Pow'r of Sight :  
Hence do th' Arts Optick, and fair Painting rise ;  
Painting, which doth all gentle Minds delight.*

*Now let us hear how she the Ears employs :*  
    *Their Office is, the troubled Air to take ;*  
*Which in their Mazes forms a Sound or Noise,*  
    *Whereof her self doth true Distinction make.*

*Hearing.*

*These Wickets of the Soul are plac'd on high,  
Because all Sounds do lightly mount aloft ;  
And that they may not pierce too violently,  
They are delay'd with Turns and Windings oft.*

## *Nosce Teipsum : Know thy Self.*

*For should the Voice directly strike the Brain,  
It would astonish and confuse it much ;  
Therefore these Plaits and Folds the Sound restrain,  
That it the Organ may more gently touch.*

*As Streams, which with their winding Banks do play,  
Stopp'd by their Creeks, run softly through the Plain :  
So in th' Ear's Labyrinth the Voice doth stray,  
And doth with easie Motion touch the Brain.*

*This is the slowest, yet the daintiest Sense ;  
For ev'n the Ears of such as have no Skill  
Perceive a Discord, and conceive Offence ;  
And knowing not what's good, yet find the Ill.*

*And though this Sense first gentle Musick found,  
Her proper Object is the Speech of Men ;  
But that Speech chiefly which God's Harolds found,  
When their Tongues utter what his Spirit did pen.*

*Our Eyes have Lids, our Ears still ope we see,  
Quickly to hear how ev'ry Tale is prov'd :  
Our Eyes still move, our Ears unmoved be ;  
That though we hear quick, we be not quickly mov'd.*

*Thus by the Organs of the Eye and Ear,  
The Soul with Knowledge doth her self endue :  
" Thus she her Prison may with Pleasure bear,  
" Having such Prospects, all the World to view.*

*These Conduit-pipes of Knowledge feed the Mind,  
But th' other three attend the Body still ;  
For by their Services the Soul doth find,  
What things are to the Body good or ill.*

*Taste.*

*The Body's Life with Meats and Air is fed,  
Therefore the Soul doth use the Tasting Pow'r  
In Veins, which through the Tongue and Palate spread,  
Distinguish ev'ry Relish, Sweet, and Sow'r.*

*This is the Body's Nurse ; but since Man's Wit  
Found th' Art of Cook'ry to delight his Sense,  
More Bodies are consum'd and kill'd with it,  
Than with the Sword, Famine, or Pestilence.*

Next,

Next, In the Nostrils she doth use the Smell :

Smelling.

As God the Breath of Life in them did give,  
So makes he now this Pow'r in them to dwell,  
To judge all Airs, whereby we breath and live.

This Sense is also Mistress of an Art,

Which to soft People sweet Perfumes doth sell ;  
Though this dear Art doth little Good impart,  
“ Sith they smell best, that do of nothing smell.

And yet good Scents do purifie the Brain,

Awake the Fancy, and the Wits refine :

Hence old Devotion, Incense did ordain,  
To make Men's Spirits more apt for Thoughts divine.

Lastly, The Feeling Pow'r, which is Life's Root,

Feeling.

Through ev'ry living Part it self doth shed  
By Sinews, which extend from Head to Foot ;  
And like a Net, all o'er the Body spread.

Much like a subtile Spider, which doth sit

In middle of her Web, which spreadeth wide ;

If ought do touch the utmost Thread of it,  
She feels it instantly on ev'ry side.

By Touch, the first pure Qualities we learn,

Which quicken all things, hot, cold, moist and dry :

By Touch, hard, soft, rough, smooth, we do discern :

By Touch, sweet Pleasure, and sharp Pain we try.

These are the outward Instruments of Sense ;

These are the Guards which ev'ry thing must pass,

Ere it approach the Mind's Intelligence,

Or touch the Fantastie, Wit's Looking-Glass.

The Imagi-  
nation, or  
common  
Sense.

And yet these Porters, which all things admit,

Themselves perceive not, nor discern the things :

One common Pow'r doth in the Forehead sit,

Which all their proper Forms together brings.

For all those Nerves, which Spirits of Sense do bear,

And to those outward Organs spreading go,

United are, as in a Centre, there ;

And there this Pow'r those sundry Forms doth know.

Those

*The Fanta-  
sie.*

Those outward Organs present things receive,  
This inward Sense doth absent things retain;  
Yet strait transmits all Forms she doth perceive,  
Unto an higher Region of the Brain;

Where Fantasie, near Hand-maid to the Mind,  
Sits, and beholds, and doth discern them all;  
Compounds in one, things divers in their Kind;  
Compares the Black and White, the Great and Small.

Besides, those single Forms she doth esteem,  
And in her Ballance doth their Values try;  
Where some things good, and some things ill do seem,  
And Neutral some, in her fantastick Eye.

This busie Pow'r is working Day and Night;  
For when the outward Senses Rest do take,  
A thousand Dreams, fantastical and light,  
With flut'ring Wings, do keep her still awake:

*The sensi-  
tive Memo-  
ry.*

Yet always all may not afore her be;  
Successively she this and that intends;  
Therefore such Forms as she doth cease to see,  
To Memory's large Volume she commends.

This Ledger-Book lies in the Brain behind,  
Like Janus Eye, which in his Poll was set:  
The Lay-man's Tables, Store-house of the Mind;  
Which doth remember much, and much forget.

Here Senses Apprehension End doth take;  
As when a Stone is into Water cast,  
One Circle doth another Circle make,  
Till the last Circle touch the Bank at last.

*The Passion  
of Sense.*

But though the Apprehensive Pow'r do pause,  
The Motive Vertue then begins to move;  
Which in the Heart below doth Passions cause;  
Joy, Grief, and Fear, and Hope, and Hate, and Love.

These Passions have a free commanding Might,  
And divers Actions in our Life do breed;  
For all Acts done without true Reason's Light,  
Do from the Passion of the Sense proceed.

But



But fith the Brain doth lodge the Pow'rs of Sense,  
 How makes it in the Heart those Passions spring?  
 The mutual Love, the kind Intelligence  
 'Twixt Heart and Brain, this Sympathy doth bring.

From the kind Heat, which in the Heart doth reign,  
 The Spirits of Life do their Beginning take;  
 These Spirits of Life ascending to the Brain,  
 When they come there, the Spirits of Sense do make.

These Spirits of Sense, in Fantasie's high Court,  
 Judge of the Forms of Objects, ill or well;  
 And so they send a good or ill Report  
 Down to the Heart, where all Affections dwell.

If the Report be good, it causeth Love,  
 And longing Hope, and well assured Joy:  
 If it be ill, then doth it Hatred move,  
 And trembling Fear, and vexing Grievs amoy.

Yet were these natural Affections good,  
 (For they which want them, Blocks or Devils be)  
 If Reason in her first Perfection stood,  
 That she might Nature's Passions rectifie.

Besides, another Motive-Power doth rise  
 Out of the Heart, from whose pure Blood do spring  
 The Vital Spirits; which born in Arteries,  
 Continual Motion to all Parts do bring.

This makes the Pulses beat, and Lungs respire:  
 This holds the Sinews like a Bridle's Reins,  
 And makes the Body to advance, retire;  
 To turn, or stop, as she them slacks, or strains.

*The Local  
 Motion.*

Thus the Soul tunes the Body's Instruments,  
 These Harmonies she makes with Life and Sense;  
 Th'Organs fit are by the Body lent,  
 But th'Actions flow from the Soul's Influence.

But now I have a Will, yet want a Wit,  
 T'express the working of the Wit and Will;  
 Which, though their Root be to the Body knit,  
 Use not the Body, when they use their Skill.

*The intelle-  
 ctual Powers  
 of the Soul.*

*Nosce Teipsum : Know thy Self.*

*These Pow'rs the Nature of the Soul declare ;  
For to Man's Soul these only proper be ;  
For on the Earth no other Wights there are  
Which have these Heav'nly Pow'rs, but only we.*

*The Wit, or  
Understand-  
ing.*

*The Wit, the Pupil of the Soul's clear Eye ;  
And in Man's World, the only shining Star,  
Looks in the Mirrour of the Fantasie,  
Where all the Gath'rings of the Senses are.*

*From thence this Pow'r the Shapes of things abstracts,  
And them within her Passive Part receives,  
Which are enlightned by that part which acts ;  
And so the Forms of single things perceives.*

*But after, by discoursing to and fro,  
Anticipating, and comparing things,  
She doth all univ'rsal Natures know,  
And all Effects into their Causes brings.*

*Reason.*

*When she rates things, and moves from Ground to Ground,  
The Name of Reason she obtains by this.  
But when by Reason she the Truth hath found,  
And standeth fix'd, she Understanding is.*

*Understand-  
ing.*

*When her Assent she lightly doth incline  
To either part, she is Opinion's Light :  
But when she doth by Principles define  
A certain Truth, she hath true Judgment's Sight.*

*Opinion.*

*Judgment.*

*And as from Senses, Reason's Work doth spring,  
So many Reasons Understanding gain ;  
And many Understandings, Knowledge bring,  
And by much Knowledge, Wisdom we obtain.*

*So, many Stairs we must ascend upright,  
Ere we attain to Wisdom's high Degree :  
So doth this Earth eclipse our Reason's Light,  
Which else (in Instants) would like Angels see.*

*Yet hath the Soul a Dowry natural,  
And Sparks of Light, some common things to see ;  
Not being a Blank, where Nought is writ at all ;  
But what the Writer will, may written be.*

*For*

For Nature in Man's Heart her Laws doth pen,  
 Prescribing Truth to Wit, and Good to Will;  
 Which do accuse, or else excuse all Men,  
 For ev'ry Thought, or Practice; good, or ill:

And yet these Sparks grow almost infinite,  
 Making the World, and all therein, their Food;  
 As Fire so spreads, as no place holdeth it,  
 Being nourish'd still with new Supplies of Wood.

And though these Sparks were almost quench'd with Sin,  
 Yet they whom that just One hath justify'd,  
 Have them increas'd with heav'nly Light within;  
 And, like the Widow's Oil, still multiply'd.

And as this Wit should Goodness truly know,  
 We have a Will, which that true Good should chuse,  
 Though Will do oft (when Wit false Forms doth show)  
 Take Ill for Good, and Good for Ill refuse

The Power  
 of Will.

Will puts in practice what the Wit deviseth:  
 Will ever acts, and Wit contemplates still:  
 And as from Wit, the Pow'r of Wisdom riseth,  
 All other Vertues Daughters are of Will.

The Relation  
 betwixt Wit  
 and Will.

Will is the Prince, and Wit the Counsellor,  
 Which doth for common Good in Council sit;  
 And when Wit is resolv'd, Will lends her Power  
 To execute what is advis'd by Wit.

Wit is the Mind's chief Judge, which doth control,  
 Of Fancy's Court, the Judgments false and vain:  
 Will holds the Royal Sceptre in the Soul,  
 And on the Passions of the Heart doth reign.

Will is as free as any Emperor,  
 Naught can restrain her gentle Liberty:  
 No Tyrant, nor no Torment hath the power  
 To make us will, when we unwilling be.

To these high Pow'rs a Store-house doth pertain,  
 Where they all Arts, and gen'ral Reasons lay;  
 Which in the Soul, ev'n after Death, remain,  
 And no Lethæan Flood can wash away.

The intelle-  
 ctual Memo-  
 ry.

This



# Nofce Teipsum: Know thy Self.

*This is the Soul, and thefe her Vertues be ;  
Which, though they have their fundry proper Ends,  
And one exceeds another in degree,  
Yet each on other mutually depends.*

*Our Wit is giv'n, Almighty God to know ;  
Our Will is giv'n to love him, being known :  
But God could not be known to us below,  
But by his Works, which through the Sense are shown.*

*And as the Wit doth reap the Fruits of Sense,  
So doth the quick'ning Pow'r the Senses feed :  
Thus while they do their fundry Gifts difpence,  
" The Best, the Service of the Least doth need.*

*Ev'n so the King his Magistrates do serve,  
Yet Commons feed both Magistrates and King :  
The Commons Peace the Magistrates preserve,  
By borrow'd Pow'r, which from the Prince doth spring.*

*The Quick'ning Power would be, and so would rest ;  
The Sense would not be only, but be well :  
But Wit's Ambition longeth to the best,  
For it desires in endleß Bliss to dwell.*

*And thefe three Pow'rs, three sorts of Men do make ;  
For some, like Plants, their Veins do only fill ;  
And some, like Beasts, their Senses Pleasure take ;  
And some, like Angels, do contemplate still.*

*Therefore the Fables turn'd some Men to Flow'rs,  
And others did with brutish Forms invest,  
And did of others make Celestial Pow'rs,  
Like Angels, which still travel, yet still rest.*

*Yet thefe three Pow'rs are not three Souls, but one ;  
As One and Two are both contain'd in Three ;  
Three being one Number by it self alone,  
A Shadow of the blessed Trinity.*

*An Accla-  
mation.*

*Oh ! What is Man (great Maker of Mankind ?)  
That thou to him so great Respect dost bear !  
That thou adorn'st him with so bright a Mind,  
Mak'st him a King, and ev'n an Angel's Peer !*

*Oh!*



Oh! What a lively Life, what heav'nly Pow'r,  
What spreading Vertue, what a sparkling Fire,  
How great, how plentiful, how rich a Dow'r  
Dost thou within this dying Flesh inspire!

Thou leav'st thy Print in other Works of thine,  
But thy whole Image thou in Man hast writ:  
There cannot be a Creature more divine,  
Except (like thee) it should be infinite.

But it exceeds Man's Thought, to think how high  
God hath rais'd Man, since God a Man became:  
The Angels do admire this Mystery,  
And are astonish'd when they view the same.

Nor hath he giv'n these Blessings for a Day,  
Nor made them on the Body's Life depend:  
The Soul, though made in Time, survives for ay;  
And though it hath Beginning, sees no End.

Her only End, is Never-ending Bliss;  
Which is, the Eternal Face of GOD to see;  
Who, Last of Ends, and First of Causes is:  
And to do this, she must eternal be.

*That the Soul  
is immortal,  
and cannot  
die.*

How senseless then, and dead a Soul hath he,  
Which thinks his Soul doth with his Body die:  
Or thinks not so, but so would have it be,  
That he might sin with more Security?

For though these light and vicious Persons say,  
Our Soul is but a Smoak, or airy Blast,  
Which, during Life, doth in our Nostrils play;  
And when we die, doth turn to Wind at last:

Although they say, Come, let us eat and drink, even so  
Our Life is but a Spark, which quickly dies:  
Though thus they say, they know not what to think;  
But in their Minds ten thousand Doubts arise.

Therefore no Hereticks desire to spread abroad  
Their light Opinions, like these Epicures;  
For so their stag'ring Thoughts are comforted,  
And other Men's Assent their Doubt assures.

# Nofce Teipsum: Know thy Self

Yet though these Men against their Conscience strive,  
There are some Sparkles in their flinty Breasts,  
Which cannot be extinct, but still revive;  
That though they would, they cannot quite be Beasts.

But whoſo makes a Mirrour of his Mind,  
And doth with Patience view himſelf therein,  
His Soul's Eternity ſhall clearly find,  
Though th'other Beauties be defac'd with Sin.

1. Reason  
drawn from  
the Deſire of  
Knowledge.

First, In Man's Mind we find an Appetite  
To learn and know the Truth of ev'ry thing  
Which is co-natural, and born with it,  
And from the Eſſence of the Soul doth ſpring.

With this Deſire, ſhe hath a native Might  
To find out ev'ry Truth, if ſhe had time;  
Th'innumerable Effects to ſort aright,  
And by Degrees, from Cauſe to Cauſe to climb.

But ſith our Life ſo faſt away doth ſlide,  
As doth an hungry Eagle through the Wind;  
Or as a Ship transported with the Tide,  
Which in their Paſſage leave no print behind:

Of which ſwift little Time ſo much we ſpend,  
While ſome few things we through the Senſe do ſtrain,  
That our ſhort Race of Life is at an end,  
Ere we the Principles of Skill attain.

Or God (who to vain Ends hath nothing done)  
In vain this Appetite and Pow'r hath giv'n;  
Or elſe our Knowledge, which is here begun,  
Hereafter muſt be perfected in Heav'n.

God never gave a Pow'r to one whole Kind,  
But moſt part of that Kind did uſe the ſame:  
Moſt Eyes have perfect Sight, though ſome be blind;  
Moſt Legs can nimbly run, though ſome be lame.

But in this Life no Soul the Truth can know  
So perfectly, as it hath Pow'r to do:  
If then Perfection be not found below,  
An higher place muſt make her mount thereto.

Again,

Again, *How can she but immortal be,*  
*When with the Motions of both Will and Wit,*  
*She still aspireth to Eternity ;*  
*And never rests, till she attain to it ?*

2. Reason  
drawn from  
the Motion  
of the Soul.

*Water in Conduit-pipes, can rise no higher*  
*Than the Well-head, from whence it first doth spring :*  
*Then sub to Eternal GOD she doth aspire,*  
*She cannot be but an Eternal Thing.*

“ *All moving things to other things do move,*  
“ *Of the same kind ; which shews their Nature such :*  
*So Earth falls down, and Fire doth mount above,*  
*Till both their proper Elements do touch.*

*And as the Moisture, which the thirsty Earth*  
*Sucks from the Sea, to fill her empty Veins,*  
*From out her Womb at last doth take a Birth,*  
*And runs a Nymph along the grassy Plains :*

The Soul  
compared to  
a River.

*Long doth she stay, as loth to leave the Land,*  
*From whose soft Side she first did Issue make :*  
*She tastes all Places, turns to ev'ry Hand,*  
*Her flow'ry Banks unwilling to forsake :*

*Yet Nature so her Streams doth lead and carry,*  
*As that her Course doth make no final stay,*  
*Till she her self unto the Ocean marry,*  
*Within whose watry Bosom first she lay.*

*Ev'n so the Soul, which in this Earthly Mold*  
*The Spirit of God doth secretly infuse,*  
*Because at first she doth the Earth behold,*  
*And only this material World she views ;*

*At first her Mother Earth she holdeth dear,*  
*And doth embrace the World, and worldly things ;*  
*She flies close by the Ground, and hovers here,*  
*And mounts not up with her Celestial Wings :*

*Yet under Heav'n she cannot light on ought*  
*That with her heav'nly Nature doth agree ;*  
*She cannot rest, she cannot fix her Thought,*  
*She cannot in this World contented be.*

For



*Nosce Teipsum : Know thy Self.*

*For who did ever yet, in Honour, Wealth,  
Or Pleasure of the Sense, Contentment find?  
Who ever ceas'd to wish, when he had Health?  
Or having Wildom, was not vex'd in Mind?*

*Then as a Bee which among VVeeds doth fall,  
Which seem sweet Flow'rs, with lustre fresh and gay;  
She lights on that, and this, and tasteth all;  
But pleas'd with none, doth rise, and soar away:*

*So, when the Soul finds here no true Content,  
And, like Noah's Dove, can no sure Footing take,  
She doth return from whence she first was sent,  
And flies to him that first her VVings did make.*

*Wit, seeking Truth, from Cause to Cause ascends,  
And never rests, till it the first attain:  
Will, seeking Good, finds many middle Ends;  
But never stays, till it the last do gain.*

*Now GOD the Truth, and First of Causes is;  
GOD is the last good End, which lasteth still;  
Being Alpha and Omega nam'd for this;  
Alpha to Wit, Omega to the Will.*

*Sith then her heav'nly Kind she doth bewray,  
In that to GOD she doth directly move;  
And on no mortal thing can make her Stay,  
She cannot be from hence, but from above.*

*And yet this first true Cause, and last good End,  
She cannot here so well and truly see;  
For this Perfection she must yet attend,  
Till to her Maker she espoused be.*

*As a King's Daughter, being in Person sought  
Of divers Princes, which do neighbour near,  
On none of them can fix a constant Thought,  
Though she to all do lend a gentle Ear:*

*Yet can she love a foreign Emperor,  
Whom of great VVorth and Pow'r she hears to be,  
If she be woo'd but by Ambassador,  
Or but his Letters, or his Pictures see:*

*For*



For well she knows, that when she shall be brought  
 Into the Kingdom where her Spouse doth reign,  
 Her Eyes shall see what she conceiv'd in Thought ;  
 Himself, his State, his Glory, and his Train.

So while the Virgin-Soul on Earth doth stay,  
 She woo'd and tempted is ten thousand Ways,  
 By these great Pow'rs, which on the Earth bear sway ;  
 The Wisdom of the World, Wealth, Pleasure, Praise:

With these sometimes she doth her Time beguile,  
 These do by fits her Fantasie possess ;  
 But she distastes them all within a while,  
 And in the sweetest finds a Tedioufness.

But if upon the World's Almighty King  
 She once do fix her humble loving Thought,  
 Who by his Picture drawn in ev'ry thing,  
 And sacred Messages, her Love hath sought ;

Of him she thinks she cannot think too much ;  
 This Honey tasted still, is ever sweet ;  
 The Pleasure of her ravish'd Thought is such,  
 As almost here she with her Bliss doth meet :

But when in Heav'n she shall his Essence see,  
 This is her sov'reign Good, and perfect Bliss ;  
 Her Longings, Wishings, Hopes, all finish'd be ;  
 Her Joys are full, her Motions rest in this :

There is she crown'd with Garlands of Content ;  
 There doth she Manna eat, and Nectar drink :  
 That Presence doth such high Delights present,  
 As never Tongue could speak, nor Heart could think.

For this, the better Souls do oft despise  
 The Body's Death, and do it oft desire ;  
 For when on Ground the burthen'd Ballance lies,  
 The empty part is lifted up the higher :

3. Reason,  
 from Con-  
 tempt of  
 Death in the  
 better sort of  
 Spirits.

But if the Body's Death the Soul should kill,  
 Then Death must needs against her Nature be ;  
 And were it so, all Souls would fly it still ;  
 For Nature hates and shuns her Contrary.

For all things else, which Nature makes to be,  
 Their Being to preserve, are chiefly taught;  
 For though some things desire a Change to see,  
 Yet never Thing did long to turn to nought.

If then by Death the Soul were quenched quite,  
 She could not thus against her Nature run;  
 Sith ev'ry senseless thing, by Nature's Light,  
 Doth Preservation seek, Destruction shun.

Nor could the World's best Spirits so much err,  
 If Death took all, that they should all agree,  
 Before this Life, their Honour to prefer:  
 For what is Praise to things that nothing be?

Again, If by the Body's Prop she stand;  
 If on the Body's Life, her Life depend;  
 As Meleagers on the fatal Brand,  
 The Body's Good she only would intend,

We should not find her half so brave and bold,  
 To lead it to the Wars, and to the Seas,  
 To make it suffer Watchings, Hunger, Cold,  
 When it might feed with Plenty, rest with Ease.

Doubtless, all Souls have a surviving Thought,  
 Therefore of Death we think with quiet Mind;  
 But if we think of being turn'd to nought,  
 A trembling Horror in our Souls we find.

And as the better Spirit, when she doth bear  
 A Scorn of Death, doth shew she cannot die;  
 So when the wicked Soul Death's Face doth fear,  
 Ev'n then she proves her own Eternity:

For when Death's Form appears, she feareth not  
 An utter Quenching, or Extinguishment;  
 She would be glad to meet with such a Lot,  
 That so she might all future Ill prevent:

But she doth doubt what after may befall,  
 For Nature's Law accuseth her within,  
 And saith, 'Tis true what is affirm'd by all,  
 That after Death there is a Pain for Sin.

4. Reason,  
 from the fear  
 of Death in  
 the wicked  
 Souls.

Then

Then she who hath been bud-wink'd from her Birth,  
Doth first her self within Death's *Mirror* see ;  
And when her Body doth return to Earth,  
She first takes care, how she alone shall be.

Who ever sees these irreligious Men,  
With Burthen of a Sickneß weak and faint,  
But hears them talking of Religion then,  
And vowing of their Souls to ev'ry Saint ?

When was there ever curst Atheist brought  
Unto the Jiebbet, but he did adore  
That blessed Pow'r, which he had set at nought,  
Scorn'd and blasphem'd, all his Life before ?

These light, vain Persons still are drunk and mad,  
With Surfeittings, and Pleasures of their Youth ;  
But at their Deaths they are fresh, sober, sad ;  
Then they discern, and then they speak the truth.

If then all Souls, both good and bad do teach,  
With gen'ral Voice, that Souls can never die,  
'Tis not Man's flatt'ring Gloss, but Nature's Speech ;  
Which, like GOD's Oracles, can never lye.

Hence springs that universal strong Desire,  
Which all Men have of Immortalitie :  
Not some few Spirits unto this Thought aspire,  
But all Men's Minds in this united be.

5. Reason,  
From the ge-  
neral Desire  
of Immorta-  
lity.

Then this Desire of Nature is not vain,  
" She covets not Impossibilities ;  
" Fond Thoughts may fall into some idle Brain,  
" But one Assent of all, is ever wise.

From hence that gen'ral Care and Study springs,  
That Launching, and Progression of the Mind,  
Which all Men have so much of future things,  
As they no Joy do in the present find.

From this Desire, that main Desire proceeds,  
Which all Men have, surviving Fame to gain,  
By Tombs, by Books, by memorable Deeds ;  
For she that this desires, doth still remain.

Hence

# Nofce Teipsum : Know thy Self.

Hence laſtly ſprings Care of Poſterities,  
 For Things their Kind would everlaſting make :  
 Hence is it, that old Men do plant young Trees,  
 The Fruit thereof another Age ſhall take.

If we theſe Rules unto our ſelves apply,  
 And view them by Reflection of the Mind,  
 All theſe true Notes of Immortality  
 In our Hearts Tables we ſhall written find.

6. Reason.  
 From the ve-  
 ry Doubt and  
 Diſputation  
 of Immorta-  
 lity.

And though ſome impious Wits do Queſtions move,  
 And doubt if Souls immortal be, or no ;  
 That Doubt their Immortality doth prove,  
 Becauſe they ſeem immortal things to know.

For he which Reaſons on both Parts doth bring,  
 Doth ſome things mortal, ſome immortal call ;  
 Now, if himſelf were but a mortal thing,  
 He could not judge immortal things at all.

For when we judge, our Minds we Mirrors make ;  
 And as thoſe Glaſſes which material be,  
 Forms of material things do only take ;  
 For Thoughts or Minds in them we cannot ſee :

So when we God and Angels do conceive,  
 And think of Truth, which is eternal too ;  
 Then do our Minds immortal Forms receive,  
 Which if they mortal were, they could not do.

And as if Beaſts conceiv'd what Reaſon were,  
 And that Conception ſhould diſtinctly ſhow,  
 They ſhould the Name of Reaſonable bear ;  
 For without Reaſon, none could Reaſon know :

So when the Soul mounts with ſo high a Wing,  
 As of Eternal Things ſhe Doubts can move,  
 She Proofs of her Eternity doth bring,  
 Ev'n when ſhe ſtrives the contrary to prove.

For ev'n the Thought of Immortality  
 Being an Act done without the Body's Aid,  
 Shews, that her ſelf alone could move and be,  
 Although the Body in the Grave were laid.

And



And if her self she can so lively move,  
And never need a Foreign Help to take ;  
Then must her Motion everlasting prove,  
“ Because her self she never can forsake.

That the Soul  
cannot be de-  
stroyed.

But though Corruption cannot touch the Mind  
By any Cause that from it self may spring,  
Some outward Cause Fate bath perhaps design'd,  
Which to the Soul may utter Quenching bring.

Her Cause  
ceaseth not.

Perhaps her Cause may cease, and she may die :  
God is her Cause, his Word her Maker was ;  
Which shall stand fix'd for all Eternity,  
When Heav'n and Earth shall like a Shadow pass.

She hath no  
Contrary.

Perhaps some thing repugnant to her Kind,  
By strong Antipathy, the Soul may kill :  
But what can be contrary to the Mind,  
Which holds all Contraries in Concord still ?

She lodgeth Heat, and Cold, and Moist, and Dry,  
And Life, and Death, and Peace, and War together ;  
Ten thousand fighting things in her do lie,  
Yet neither troubleth, or disturbeth either.

Perhaps for want of Food, the Soul may pine ;  
But that were strange, sith all things bad and good ;  
Sith all God's Creatures, mortal and divine ;  
Sith God himself is her eternal Food.

She cannot  
die for want  
of Food.

Bodies are fed with things of mortal kind,  
And so are subject to Mortality :  
But Truth, which is eternal, feeds the Mind ;  
The Tree of Life, which will not let her die.

Yet Violence, perhaps the Soul destroys,  
As Lightning, or the Sun-beams dim the Sight ;  
Or as a Thunder-clap, or Canon's noise,  
The Pow'r of Hearing doth astonish quite :

Violence can-  
not destroy  
her.

But high Perfection to the Soul it brings,  
T encounter things most excellent and high ;  
For, when she views the best and greatest things,  
They do not hurt, but rather clear the Eye.

N n

Besides,

Besides, as Homer's Gods, 'gainst Armies stand,  
 Her subtile Form can through all Dangers slide ;  
 Bodies are captive, Minds endure no Band ;  
 " And Will is free, and can no Force abide.

*Time cannot  
 destroy her.*

But lastly, Time perhaps at last hath pow'r  
 To spend her lively Pow'rs, and quench her Light ;  
 But old God Saturn, which doth all devour,  
 Doth cherish her, and still augment her Might.

Heav'n waxeth old, and all the Spheres above  
 Shall one Day faint, and their swift Motion stay ;  
 And Time it self, in time shall cease to move ;  
 Only the Soul survives, and lives for ay.

" Our Bodies, ev'ry Foot-step that they make,  
 " March towards Death, until at last they die :  
 " Whether we work or play, or sleep or wake,  
 " Our Life doth pass, and with Time's Wings doth fly :

But to the Soul, Time doth Perfection give,  
 And adds fresh Lustre to her Beauty still,  
 And makes her in eternal Youth to live,  
 Like her which Nectar to the Gods doth fill.

The more she lives, the more she feeds on Truth ;  
 The more she feeds, her Strength doth more increase :  
 And what is Strength, but an Effect of Youth ?  
 Which if Time nurse, how can it ever cease ?

*Objections  
 against the  
 immortality  
 of the Soul.*

But now these Epicures begin to smile,  
 And say, my Doctrine is more safe than true ;  
 And that I fondly do my self beguile,  
 While these receive'd Opinions I ensue.

*I. Objection.*

For, what, say they ? Doth not the Soul wax old ?  
 How comes it then that aged Men do dote ;  
 And that their Brains grow sottish, dull and cold,  
 Which were in Youth the only Spirits of note ?

What ? Are not Souls within themselves corrupted ?  
 How can there Idiots then by Nature be ?  
 How is it that some Wits are interrupted,  
 That now they dazzled are, now clearly see ?

These

*Answer.*

These Questions make a subtile Argument  
To such as think both Sense and Reason one ;  
To whom nor Agent, from the Instrument,  
Nor Pow'r of Working, from the Work is known.

But they that know that Wit can shew no Skill,  
But when she Things in Sense's Glasse doth view,  
Do know, if Accident this Glasse do spill,  
It nothing sees, or sees the False for true.

For, if that Region of the tender Brain,  
Where thinward Sense of Fantasie should sit,  
And th'outward Senses, Gath'rings should retain ;  
By Nature, or by Chance, become unfit :

Either at first incapable it is,  
And so few things, or none at all receives ;  
Or marr'd by Accident, which haps amiss ;  
And so amiss it ev'ry thing perceives.

Then, as a cunning Prince that useth Spies,  
If they return no News, doth nothing know ;  
But if they make Advertisement of Lies,  
The Prince's Counsels all awry do go :

Ev'n so the Soul to such a Body knit,  
Whose inward Senses undisposed be ;  
And to receive the Forms of Things unfit,  
Where nothing is brought in, can nothing see.

This makes the Idiot, which hath yet a Mind,  
Able to know the Truth, and chuse the Good :  
If she such Figures in the Brain did find,  
As might be found, if it in temper stood.

But if a Phrensie do possess the Brain,  
It so disturbs and blots the Forms of Things,  
As Fantasie proves altogether vain,  
And to the Wit no true Relation brings.

Then doth the Wit, admitting all for true,  
Build fond Conclusions on those idle Grounds :  
Then doth it fly the Good, and ill pursue ;  
Believing all that this false Spy propounds.

But

*Nosce Teipsum: Know thy Self.*

But purge the Humours, and the Rage appease,  
Which this Distemper in the Fancie wrought;  
Then shall the Wit, which never had Disease,  
Discourse, and judge discreetly, as it ought.

So, though the Clouds eclipse the Sun's fair Light,  
Yet from his Face they do not take one Beam;  
So have our Eyes their perfect Pow'r of Sight,  
Ev'n when they look into a troubled Stream.

Then these Defects in Senses Organs be;  
Not in the Soul, or in her working Might:  
She cannot lose her perfect Pow'r to see,  
Though Mists and Clouds do choak her Window-Light.

These Imperfections then we must impute,  
Not to the Agent, but the Instrument:  
We must not blame Apollo, but his Lute,  
If false Accords from her false Strings be sent.

The Soul in all hath one Intelligence;  
Though too much Moisture in an Infants Brain.  
And too much Driness in an old Man's Sense,  
Cannot the Prints of outward things retain:

Then doth the Soul want VVork, and idle sit,  
And this we Childishness and Dotage call;  
Yet hath she then a quick and active VVit,  
If she had Stuff and Tools to work withal:

For, give her Organs fit, and Objects fair;  
Give but the aged Man, the young Man's Sense;  
Let but Medea, Æson's Youth repair,  
And streight she shews her wonted Excellence.

As a good Harper, stricken far in Years,  
Into whose cunning Hands the Gout doth fall,  
All his old Crotchets in his Brain he bears,  
But on his Harp plays ill, or not at all.

But if Apollo take his Gout away,  
That he his nimble Fingers may apply,  
Apollo's self will envy at his Play,  
And all the VVorld applaud his Minstralsie.

Then



Then Dorage is no Weakness of the Mind,  
But of the Sense ; for if the Mind did waste,  
In all old Men we should this Wasting find,  
When they some certain Term of Years had pass'd :

But most of them, ev'n to their dying Hour,  
Retain a Mind more lively, quick and strong ;  
And better use their understanding Pow'r,  
Than when their Brains were warm, and Limbs were young.

For, though the Body wasted be, and weak,  
And though the Leaden Form of Earth it bears ;  
Yet when we hear that half-dead Body speak,  
We oft are ravish'd to the heav'nly Spheres.

Yet say these Men, If all her Organs die,  
Then hath the Soul no pow'r her Pow'rs to use :  
So, in a sort, her Pow'rs extinct do lie,  
When unto Act she cannot them reduce.

2. Objection.

And if her Pow'rs be dead, then what is she ?  
For sith from ev'ry thing some Pow'rs do spring,  
And from those Pow'rs, some Acts proceeding be ;  
Then kill both Pow'r and Act, and kill the thing.

Doubtless, the Body's Death, when once it dies,  
The Instruments of Sense and Life doth kill ;  
So that she cannot use those Faculties,  
Although their Root rest in her Substance still.

Answer.

But (as the Body living) Wit and Will  
Can judge and chuse, without the Body's Aid ;  
Though on such Objects they are working still,  
As through the Body's Organs are convey'd :

So, when the Body serves her turn no more,  
And all her Senses are extinct and gone,  
She can discourse of what she learn'd before,  
In heav'nly Contemplations, all alone.

So, if one Man well on a Lute doth play,  
And have good Horsemanship, and Learning's Skill ;  
Though both his Lute and Horse we take away,  
Doth he not keep his former Learning still ?

O O

He

# Nosce Teipsum : Know thy Self.

He keeps it, doubtless, and can use it too ;  
And doth both th'other Skills in Pow'r retain ;  
And can of both the proper Actions do,  
If with his Lute or Horse he meet again.

So (though the Instruments, by which we live,  
And view the World, the Body's Death do kill,)  
Yet with the Body they shall all revive,  
And all their wonted Offices fulfil.

3. Objection.

But how, till then, shall she her self employ ?  
Her Spies are dead, which brought home News before :  
What she hath got, and keeps, she may enjoy,  
But she hath Means to understand no more.

Then what do those poor Souls, which nothing get ?  
Or what do those which get, and cannot keep ?  
Like Buckets bottomless, which all out-let ;  
Those Souls, for want of Exercise, must sleep.

Answer.

See how Man's Soul against it self doth strive :  
Why should we not have other Means to know ?  
As Children, while within the Womb they live,  
Feed by the Navil : Here they feed not so.

These Children, if they had some use of Sense,  
And should by chance their Mothers Talking hear,  
That in short time they shall come forth from thence,  
Would fear their Birth, more than our Death we fear :

They would cry out, If we this place shall leave,  
Then shall we break our tender Navil-strings :  
How shall we then our Nourishment receive,  
Sith our sweet Food no other Conduit brings ?

And if a Man should to these Babes reply,  
That into this fair World they shall be brought,  
Where they shall see the Earth, the Sea, the Sky,  
The glorious Sun, and all that God hath wrought :

That there ten thousand Dainties they shall meet,  
Which by their Mouths they shall with pleasure take ;  
Which shall be cordial too, as well as sweet ;  
And of their little Limbs, tall Bodies make :

This

*This World they'd think a Fable, ev'n as we  
Do think the Story of the Golden Age ;  
Or as some sensual Spirits 'mongst us be,  
Which hold the World to come, a feigned Stage :*

*Yet shall these Infants after find all true,  
Though then thereof they nothing could conceive :  
As soon as they are born, the World they view ;  
And with their Months, the Nurfes Milk receive.*

*So when the Soul is born (for Death is nought  
But the Soul's Birth, and so we should it call)  
Ten thousand things she sees beyond her Thought ;  
And in an unknown manner, knows them all.*

*Then doth she see by Spectacles no more,  
She hears not by report of double Spies ;  
Her self in Instants doth all things explore ;  
For each thing present, and before her lies.*

*But still this Crue with Questions me pursues :  
If Souls deceas'd (say they) still living be,  
Why do they not return, to bring us News  
of that strange World, where they such Wonders see ?*

4. Objection.

*Fond Men ! If we believe that Men do live  
Under the Zenith of both frozen Poles,  
Though none come thence, Advertisement to give,  
Why bear we not the like Faith of our Souls ?*

Answer.

*The Soul hath here on Earth no more to do,  
Than we have Bus'ness in our Mother's VVomb :  
VVhat Child doth covet to return thereto,  
Although all Children first from thence do come ?*

*But as Noah's Pidgeon, which return'd no more,  
Did shew, she Footing found, for all the Flood ;  
So when good Souls, departed through Death's Door,  
Come not again, it shews their Dwelling good.*

*And doubtless, such a Soul as up doth mount,  
And doth appear before her Maker's Face,  
Holds this vile VVorld in such a base Account,  
As she looks down, and scorns this wretched Place.*

But



•*Nosce Teipsum* : Know thy Self.

But such as are detrudd down to Hell,  
 Either for Shame, they still themselves retire ;  
 Or tyd in Chains, they in close Prison dwell,  
 And cannot come, although they much desire.

5. *Objection.*

Well, well, say these vain Spirits, though vain it is  
 To think our Souls to Heav'n or Hell to go ;  
 Politick Men have thought it not amiss,  
 To spread this Lye, to make Men vertuous so.

*Answer.*

Do you then think this Mortal Vertue good ?  
 I think you do, ev'n for your private Gain ;  
 For Commonwealths by Vertue ever stood,  
 And common Good the Private doth contain.

If then this Vertue you do love so well,  
 Have you no Means, her Practice to maintain ;  
 But you this Lye must to the People tell,  
 That good Souls live in Joy, and Ill in Pain ?

Must Vertue be preserved by a Lye ?  
 Vertue and Truth do ever best agree ;  
 By this it seems to be a Verity,  
 Sith the Effects so good and vertuous be.

For, as the Devil Father is of Lyes,  
 So Vice and Mischief do his Lyes ensue :  
 Then this good Doctrine did not he devise ;  
 But made this Lye, which saith, it is not true.

*The general  
 Consent of  
 all.*

For, how can that be false, which ev'ry Tongue  
 Of ev'ry mortal Man affirms for true ?  
 Which Truth hath in all Ages been so strong,  
 As, Load-Stone-like, all Hearts it ever drew.

For, not the Christian, or the Jew alone,  
 The Persian, or the Turk, acknowledge this ;  
 This Mystery to the wild Indian known,  
 And to the Canibal and Tartar is.

This rich Assyrian Drugg grows ev'ry where ;  
 As common in the North, as in the East :  
 This Doctrine doth not enter by the Ear,  
 But of it self is native in the Breast.

None



None that acknowledge God, or Providence,  
 Their Souls Eternity did ever doubt ;  
 For all Religion takes her Root from hence,  
 Which no poor naked Nation lives without.

For sith the World for Man created was,  
 (For only Man the Use thereof doth know )  
 If Man do perish like a wither'd Grass,  
 How doth God's Wisdom order Things below ?

And if that Wisdom still wise Ends propound,  
 Why made he Man, of other Creatures, King ;  
 When (if he perish here) there is not found  
 In all the World so poor and vile a thing ?

If Death do quench us quite, we have great Wrong,  
 Sith for our service all things else were wrought ;  
 That Daws, and Trees, and Rocks should last so long,  
 When we must in an instant pass to nought.

But blest'd be that Great Pow'r, that hath us blest'd  
 With longer Life than Heav'n or Earth can have ;  
 Which hath infus'd into our mortal Breast  
 Immortal Pow'rs, not subject to the Grave.

For though the Soul do seem her Grave to bear,  
 And in this World is almost buried quick,  
 We have no Cause the Body's Death to fear ;  
 For when the Shell is broke, out comes a Chick.

For as the Soul's Essential Pow'rs are three ;  
 The quick'ning Pow'r, the Pow'r of Sense, and Reason;  
 Three kinds of Life to her designed be,  
 Which perfect these three Pow'rs in their due Season.

Three kinds  
 of Life, an-  
 swerable to  
 the three  
 Powers of  
 the Soul.

The first Life in the Mother's Womb is spent,  
 Where she her Nurfing Pow'r doth only use ;  
 Where, when she finds defect of Nourishment,  
 Sh'expels her Body, and this World she views.

This we call Birth, but if the Child could speak,  
 He Death would call it ; and of Nature plain,  
 That she would thrust him out naked and weak,  
 And in his Passage, pinch him with such Pain.

Yet out he comes, and in this *World* is plac'd,  
*Where* all his Senses in Perfection be ;  
*Where* he finds Flowers to smell, and Fruits to taste,  
 And Sounds to hear, and sundry Forms to see.

*When* he hath pass'd some Time upon this Stage,  
 His Reason then a little seems to wake ;  
*Which*, though she spring when Sense doth fade with Age,  
 Yet can she here no perfect Practice make.

Then doth aspiring Soul the Body leave,  
*Which* we call Death ; but were it known to all,  
*What* Life our Souls do by this Death receive,  
 Men would it Birth, or Gaol-Delivery call.

In this third Life, Reason will be so bright,  
 As that her Spark will like the Sun-Beams shine,  
 And shall of God enjoy the real Sight,  
 Being still increas'd by Influence divine.

*An Acclamation.*

O ignorant poor Man, what dost thou bear,  
 Lock'd up within the Casket of thy Breast ?  
*What* Jewels, and *what* Riches hast thou there ?  
*What* heav'nly Treasure in so weak a Chest ?

Look in thy Soul, and thou shalt Beauties find,  
 Like those which drown'd Narcissus in the Flood :  
 Honour and Pleasure both are in thy Mind,  
 And all that in the *World* is counted Good.

Think of her *Worth*, and think that God did mean,  
 This worthy Mind should worthy Things embrace :  
 Blot not her Beauties with thy Thoughts unclean,  
 Nor her dishonour with thy Passion base.

Kill not her Quick'ning Pow'r with Surfeitings :  
 Marr not her Sense with Sensuality :  
 Cast not her serious *Vit* on idle things :  
 Make not her Free Will Slave to Vanity.

And when thou think'st of her Eternity,  
 Think not that Death against her Nature is ;  
 Think it a Birth : And when thou go'st to die,  
 Sing like a Swan, as if thou went'st to Bliss.

*And*

*And if thou, like a Child, didst fear before,  
Being in the dark, where thou didst nothing see ;  
Now I have brought thee Torch-Light, fear no more ;  
Now when thou dy'st, thou canst not budwink'd be.*

*And thou, my Soul, which turn'st with curious Eye,  
To view the Leams of thine own Form divine,  
Know, that thou canst know nothing perfectly,  
While thou art clouded with this Flesh of mine.*

*Take heed of Over-weening, and compare  
Thy Peacock's Feet with thy gay Peacock's Train :  
Study the best and highest Things that are,  
But of thy self an humble Thought retain.*

*Cast down thy self, and only strive to raise  
The Glory of thy Maker's sacred Name :  
Use all thy Pow'rs, that blessed Pow'r to praise,  
Which gives thee Pow'r to be, and use the same.*

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F I N I S.

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